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VOL. VII.



THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI.

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to the great markets.

TIMBER LANDS.—Covered with  
almost inexhaustible forests of yellow  
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# THE HARTFORD REPUBLICAN.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE PARTY IN THE FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

HARTFORD, KY., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1894.

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Will show how you stand with  
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our year in Advance and we  
will send you The Louisville  
Weekly Commercial one year  
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NO. 12.

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Will practice their profession in all  
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are perfectly safe and always reli-  
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never fail to afford a speedy and cer-  
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## RATTLESNAKE CHARMER.

He Tells Interesting Incidents of  
His Dangerous Business.

His Home Is in a Wild Valley in Sullivan  
County, New York.—It's a kind of  
Strange Occupation a Profitable One.

In a wild valley at the foot of a rocky and precipitous mountain, near the little hamlet of Long Eddy, in Sullivan County, N. Y., is the home of John C. Geer, whose business is the charming of rattlesnakes. This eccentric individual who lives in this isolated spot is known throughout that part of the country as "the rattlesnake man." Though over sixty years of age, he is as active almost as he was twenty years ago, and for a mountaineer, born and reared in that untutored country, where people of any kind are scarce, he possesses a rare intelligence.

A better insight into his strange and dangerous business cannot be given than by the following story, told by himself: "I have been engaged in catching rattlers at the foot of this mountain for many years. Some seasons I get from two to three hundred of them, many of which I tame and ship alive to museums in New York and other cities. I kill a good many and extract the oil, for which I find a ready sale from two to five dollars an ounce. The skins are worth from one to five dollars each, according to their size and condition."

"This mountain back of my house is fairly alive with rattlesnakes; thousands of them live there in their lairs in the crevasses of the rocks. One day last year I started out below my house, and in two hours and a half caught twenty-two rattlers and a black snake. I caught the snakes with a hook or snare and put them into a bag, in which I bring them home. Do they ever bite me? Well, sometimes, but very seldom, as I know what a rattlesnake's bite is, and am always very careful how I handle them. Six or seven times they have been too smart for me, and have sunk their fangs into my hands, but I am alive yet, and I have an infallible cure for the poison. The bites always leave a scar, though, as you will see by the back of my hand."

This hand has a number of small, deep scars which look like the marks of a scorpion's stings, and these are the results of the bites he has received. The "infallible" cure which Mr. Geer uses is composed by himself. Certain it is, he has been called upon many times to save people who have been struck by the poison-laden fangs of rattlesnakes, and his remedy has never failed to cure.

No less weird and interesting than the man is his rude log house, which is always the home of a dozen to thirty or more of the venomous reptiles. These are kept in boxes, and many of them are very tame, actually seeming to be fond of their master. It does not take the old man long to subdue these wild creatures, and he often has them crawling about the floor while he smokes his pipe and tells stories. He is fond of having visitors come to see his pets, though few persons can be persuaded to enter his den of rattlers and black snakes. This amuses him, and he thinks of marrying in swarms, like the gnats. I catch myself wondering sometimes if the run of people really are separate individuals, or only a kind of replica, without any tastes of their own. There are people who would rather not marry without one of those snakes, George. To me it seems to be almost the most shining position a couple of adults can be in, to have to buy a stone or so of that concentrated bitterness and cut it up, or procure other people to cut it up, or send it round to other adults who would almost as soon eat arsenic. And why cake-infantile cake? Why not biscuits, or cigarettes, or chocolate? It seems to me to be playing the fool with a solemn occasion.

"It would be like him if he did," I said. "I fancy he will."

"I can't go and kick him," said my uncle.

"Declined with thanks," I suggested, "owing to pressure of other matter."

"You are getting shoppy, George," said my uncle, in as near an approach to a querulous tone as I have heard from him.

"You are getting married," I replied, with the complicity of one whose troubles are over.

"But it's a horrible nuisance, anyhow. Still, the world grows wiser, and the burden is not quite so bad as it used to be."

"A hundred years hence—"

"I'd be willing enough to wait," said my uncle; "but I'm not the only party in this affair." —Pall Mall Budget.

A Costly Bed.

A bedstead priced at ten thousand rupees. It has at its four corners four full-sized gaudily-dressed Grecian damsels—those at the head holding banjos, while those on the right and left feet hold fans.

Beneath the cot is a musical box,

which extends along the whole length of the cot, and is capable of playing twelve different charming airs.

The music being the moment the least pressure is brought to bear from the top, which is created by one sleeping or sitting, and ceases the moment the individual rises.

While the music is in progress the lady banjoists at the head manipulate the strings with their fingers and move their heads, while the two Grecian damsels at the bottom fan the sleeper to sleep. There is a button at the foot of the cot, which, after a little pressure, brings about a cessation of the music, if such be the desire of the occupant.—Evening Wisconsin.

He was going on in quite an agreeable tone. "There isn't a why," said I, "for any of it." This sort of talk always irritates a married man because it revives his own troubles. "It's just the rule. Surely, if a wife is worth having she is worth being ridiculous for? You ought to be jolly glad you don't have to wear a fool's cap and paint your nose red. More precious than rubies!"

"Don't," he said.

"It must be these tradesmen," he began bitterly, after an interval.

Someone must be responsible, and it's just their way. Do you know,

## Hartford Republican

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

SAM A. ANDERSON Proprietor  
JO. B. ROGERS Editor

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1894.

### Democratic Ticket.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE

We are authorized to announce

E. T. WILLIAMS

As the Democratic nominee for County Judge of Ohio county, Election, November 6, 1894.

We are authorized to announce

JOHN M. LEACH

As the Democratic nominee for the office of Assessor of Ohio county, Election, November 6, 1894.

### Republican Ticket.



ELECTION, NOV. 6.

For Congress—John W. Lewis, of Washington county.

For Appellate Judge—B. L. D. Guffey, For County Judge—John F. Morton.

For Sheriff—Cal. P. Keown.

For County Clerk—D. M. Hocker.

For County Attorney—E. P. Neal.

For Assessor—C. D. Daniels.

For Jailer—John W. Black.

For Surveyor—G. S. Fitzhugh.

For Coroner—Galin C. Westerfield.

MAGISTRATES:

Hartford—A. S. Aull.

Rosine—C. L. Woodward.

Cromwell—Jont B. Wilson.

Fordsville

Buford

CONSTABLE:

Hartford—Hosea Shown.

Rosine—Thomas Allen.

Cromwell—R. B. Martin.

Fordsville

Buford

It is not sufficient to answer that "our neighbors" decided that question of right between Protection in 1832 and Free Trade in 1892, by electing Mr. Cleveland on a Free Trade platform in the latter year. "Our neighbors" answered that question in favor of Protection in 1832 by electing Jackson. So there.

Mr. BLACKBURN in his speech said that the \$9,000,000 appropriated in bounties under the McKinley bill to encourage the production of sugar in the United States was too much to pay for the Louisiana Democrats, who have heads of their own, and especially was it too much he said, while the Democrats could buy negroes so much cheaper in this country. But how much would he be willing to pay those Louisiana Democrats? and what price, pray, has the Democracy set on the negro vote of this country? Shame be upon the sentiment and on him who uttered it.

We learn that Judge Guffey, Republican candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals, closed a canvass of the ten counties of the 2nd Congressional District at Bowling Green last Saturday night. The Republicans are enthusiastically for him and feel confident of his election. Many voters who are not Republicans are anxious for the election of Judge Guffey and are supporting him earnestly and effectually. If the people of this Appellate District desire to elect a man to the high office in question who is able, honest and competent and who will always decide cases squarely and who will never be swayed by rings or cliques, they will vote for Judge Guffey.

ALONG with Mr. Blackburn's plea of the "untrammeled voice of the people," might read the following extract from the recent Associated Press dispatches from Washington, which indicates the financial straits of the National Democratic Congressional Committee.

The dispatch says:

"So serious has the situation become that Chairman Faulkner has determined to raise money, even if extraordinary efforts are resorted to. The assessment plan on Government employees will be worked in the artistic manner that avoids conflict with the civil service law, and the various State organizations in Washington will be reminded that the retention in the Government service for any of their number is conditional only upon the possession of a receipt of money contributed."

THE statement comes from good authority that Pension Commissioner Lochren has a list of 50,000 old soldiers whose pensions are to be reduced or stopped altogether within the space of a few weeks. This list, it is asserted, will be held up until after the election to relieve the Democratic party of the stigma of such a wholesale reduction. Just such actions as this one contemplated are in full accord with Democratic sentiment and if these, and thousands of other pensions are not stopped or decreased it will be through fear of consequences and not through any Democratic kind feeling for the old soldier. And in this connection it will be interesting to note that several old soldiers in this county in last few weeks have received notices of proposed reductions in their pensions.

It is useless for our English contemporary to kick against the pricks. It is not the fashion this year for Democratic speakers to have large crowds and he need not lay the blame at the door of Republicans. The people this year go to hear Republicans not Democratic speeches as a comparison of the crowds to hear

Mr. Lewis and Messrs. Montgomery and Blackburn abundantly prove. The former gentleman was greeted with hundreds of hearers at his four appointments in the county, while the crowds to hear the latter gentlemen even here in Marshall, were severe disappointments. At one of Mr. Montgomery's appointments in the county we understand he had less than twenty listeners, and at one of the country towns in which he spoke only one country Democrat came to hear him. We cast back then into the face of him who wrote it the slanderous libel against Republicans and denounce the charge of cowardice as a pretense and a fraud to cover the sting inflicted by the people irrespective of party, by giving to Jo, C. S. Blackburn well knew, that trusts and monopolies are not limited to countries levying a Protective Tariff. Is not coffee on the Free List and was it not on the Free List, when only a few years ago the coffee trust in this country reaped its millions of dollars through combination? Is not the Standard Oil Company the greatest of all trusts? And is it not controlled by Democrats? Are not the Coal and Sugar Trusts controlled by eminent Democrats, who make large contributions to the Democratic campaign fund? Do not trusts exist in Free Trade England to-day and have they not existed there for years? The mere tyro in political affairs knowst well the truthfulness of these queries. And no man of ordinary intelligence who reads will assert otherwise save he desires to misrepresent the facts. Here is the evidence of English authorities, which no Democrat can deny. The London Iron Trade Circular says: "The largest amalgamation of business firms which has ever taken place has been accomplished. \* \* \* There are eighteen coffin manufacturers in England, Scotland and Ireland and the whole of these have joined together in one large company." What! A coffin trust, and that too, in Free Trade England. The London Times the greatest paper in all England says: "The public are continually hearing of the doing of syndicates and other associations, which, like a bundle of sticks, are powerful through combination." The London Iron and Steel Trade Journal says: "The practice of combination to maintain prices in certain branches of the English iron trade is extending. In Birmingham district the makers of carriage, cart and wagon axles recently united for the purpose of establishing an advance of twenty per cent. and so far the alliance has succeeded in upholding the high rates." But it is useless to multiply authorities to prove what every well-informed citizen already knows to be true.

ITEM NO. 3—Mr. BLACKBURN boasted that the Democratic is the party of the people, relying upon the free and untrammeled voice of the people as the source of its authority. Now the truth is that the Democratic party believes and practices no such thing. Mr. Cleveland was elected in a campaign in which the office of Secretary of State was given as a bribe for votes; in which the Italian mission was promised to Van Allen in consideration of \$50,000 contributed to the campaign fund; and in which the Sugar Trust in consideration of services to be rendered gave the magnificent sum of \$400,000 in order to help the Democratic party secure this "free and untrammeled voice of the people." Bah!

ITEM NO. 4—Mr. BLACKBURN tried to convey the idea that the Democratic party was with the people in the recent taxing of sugar. Tom L. Johnson, the bright young Democrat of Ohio, who was so effectively sat upon by the recent Brice-Democratic Convention in that State said on the floor of the House while the sugar question was under debate:

"I was about to say that every dog that barks in the streets of the capital knows that the real purpose of imposing this sugar tax is not to give the revenue to the Government, but revenue to the bootlers. You can not disguise it from the people, for the people know it already, that the purpose of this sugar tax is to put millions and millions in the pockets of men who are already millionaires by robbing the people."

But the Democratic Congress with eighty majority needed not the words of the eloquent Tom, but sold out body and soul to the Sugar Trust.

This list of Mr. BLACKBURN's "mis-representations" and "falseshoods" could be extended indefinitely, but it is only necessary to show to the thousands who were not there its general character, while those few who were there need no reminder of its unreliability.

### RUSSELL OFF THE TRACK.

We are in receipt of the following which came by postal card on yesterday's mail and which explains itself:

SONORA, KY., Oct. 17, '94.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN.—Please state to your readers that I was very much surprised last night to receive a letter from our candidate for Congress, Hon. J. T. Russell, withdrawing from the race. He takes this step on account of poor health, &c., not being able to make a canvass of the District.

M. R. GARDNER,

Chairman P. P. 4th, Con. Dist. Ky.

Mr. John H. Barnes, Sr., died at his home near Goshen last Sunday, and was buried Monday at Goshen. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. E. E. Pate.

ITEM NO. 1—Mr. BLACKBURN said that

## ROBIN HOOD

Gives the News from his Country Together with Some Other Items.

HARDINSBURG, KY., Oct. 15, '94.

While the Wilson Tariff bill is not all that could be desired, according to Democratic organs and orators, yet they say, and seem to derive considerable satisfaction in so saying, "that it was a step in the right direction." That is to say, a protective Tariff is the right thing, for the simple reason that they have taken the first opportunity afforded them to pass a measure that is protective in many of its features.

Democratic papers and orators, in general, and the Hartford Post, in particular, are congratulating the Democratic party because it has, as they say, dealt a telling blow to the Sugar Trust. They have, in fact, dealt just the same blow at the Sugar Trust as they have at the Coal Trust and the Iron Trust. That is to say they have dealt it now at all.

OLIVE BURCH KILLED.—Mr. OLIVE BURCH, of this county, living near Moooleyville, was killed Sunday morning, October the 7th, by a man named Lewis Swink. Mr. Burch had been in the courts of this and Meade county on several occasions before his death. He was very quarrelsome and was considered dangerous when drinking. The killing occurred on the public highway and no one saw it save the man who committed the murder. Swink has been instructed to keep his mouth shut. The particulars, therefore, can not be learned. This much however is said to be true. Swink was on his way to a neighbor to trade a rifle and met Burch in the road. Burch, it seems had on a former occasion insulted Swink's wife, and was taken to task for his misconduct. One word brought another. Burch made some threats and drew his knife, when Swink fired upon and killed him.

HON. CHAS. BLANDFORD.—Last Saturday the Hon. Mat O'Doherty, of Louisville, was to have spoken at this place in the interest of the Republican party. The gentleman however failed to put in his appearance, stating in a letter, that he was detained by an important law suit. A great many say or think it costs too much to belong to the Post, and to these we want to say the cost is very small—not over \$200 per year. All we want is to build up a name of charity to all. You have a right to give and help the poor as well as to receive your pensions from the Government. A true Union or Confederate soldier doesn't feel ashamed to fall in line with his old comrades, as each thought his cause right and just at the time of the trouble. Both names will stand in history as brave men as long as the world stands. It is the outside of all good things that always raises the disturbance between the brave men. As for politics it has nothing to do with our order, and we would be pleased to hear from some outside comrade on next Encampment.

A COMRADE.

CIRCUIT COURT.—Circuit Court, this term, has been devoid of any interesting cases. The Court docket, while larger than usual, was composed of unimportant cases. The criminal docket was also large and two men were sent to the penitentiary for a number of years. Mr. Cicero Cooney was sent up for four years on a charge of forgery, to which he pleaded guilty. Mr. Holder, of Rockvale, was sentenced for one year on a charge of burglary. A boy named Frazier was given one year in jail for stealing money from Mr. William Wells. The following attorneys from other bars were present at different times during the session, viz: Mr. James Lewis, of Brandenburg; Messrs. David W. Farleigh and Robert Woods, of Louisville; and Mr. E. D. Guffey, of Hartford. The Grand Jury at this session has been very active and has made searching investigations. They returned thirty-six indictments, which is an unusual large number.

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QUARTERLY MEETING.—The first Quarterly meeting of the M. E. Church South, for the Elizabethtown district, was held at this place last Saturday and Sunday. Saturday morning Dr. Allen, the Presiding Elder, preached an interesting sermon. Saturday evening Rev. G. W. Savage delivered an excellent discourse on "Christian Responsibility." Sunday morning Dr. Allen preached a large and attentive congregation. His text was: "The Lord is a Law." Sunday evening Rev. Savage again preached in the interest of the Breckinridge county Bible Society. At the close of his sermon the Society held a business meeting. Mr. B. F. Beard is President, Mr. V. G. Babage, Corresponding Secretary and Mr. John P. Haskell, Sr. Treasurer. The report shows that \$50,000 net has been received from collections and books sold. The value of books on hand at the close of the year was \$65,35.

The balance to the credit of the society on the book account at New York is \$54 21. Rev. W. B. Sneed of the M. E. Church called in his appointment at this place Sunday and he and his congregation worshipped with the congregation of the M. E. Church South.

MR. W. J. HENDRICK—Attorney General W. J. Hendrick spoke in the City Hall at this place Monday. Mr. Hendrick's coming was not known until about ten o'clock Monday and his audience was fairly good under the circumstances. But of all the lame efforts we have ever heard, that of Mr.

Hendrick was surely the lamest. He simply gave the people a rehash of Senator Blackburn's speech here on the 9th. He got off the usual gag about the East being enriched at the expense of the South. He told several humorous anecdotes. But in this respect, and only in this, could his speech be regarded as a success. His audience was composed almost entirely of line Democrats and will result in no good whatever as far as Democratic interests in this country are concerned. He probably gained some favor with his party, and that was in all probability his only intention, as we understand he is a candidate for re-election to the office which he now holds. ROBIN HOOD.

Getting Ready to March.

After the regular business of Pres. Morton Post, No. 4, Department of Kentucky, was finished, at our last meeting, the next G. A. R. Encampment to be held in Louisville, Ky., in September, 1895, was discussed. We decided to have regular uniforms made for each member of our Post, so we shall be all ready to go to the Encampment. Each comrade is requested to get as many soldiers as he can to join the order. We now number 54 members in good standing. As none but G. A. R. men can be in the march, it would be well for all soldiers not belonging to a Post to join the Preston Morton Post, No. 4.

We hope to muster 200 in line from Ohio county. It was grand to see 250 march through the city of Pittsburgh at the last Encampment, in the presence of at least 200,000 visitors. Let's show the world next September that Kentucky is still alive and just what kind of material we are made of. The citizens of Louisville are doing all in their power to make it the grandest turnout ever seen in that city, and now it is the duty of every old soldier to take a hand in the work and help make it a success.

THE HARTFORD REPUBLICAN and Herald have volunteered to do all they can in their line to help us. There are many men now drawing pensions who never come near us or ever think of the welfare of the poor soldiers, widows and orphans. Since our Post came into existence we have spent \$500.00 for different cause of charity.

A great many say or think it costs too much to belong to the Post, and to these we want to say the cost is very small—not over \$200 per year. All we want is to build up a name of charity to all. You have a right to give and help the poor as well as to receive your pensions from the Government. A true Union or Confederate soldier doesn't feel ashamed to fall in line with his old comrades, as each thought his cause right and just at the time of the trouble. Both names will stand in history as brave men as long as the world stands. It is the outside of all good things that always raises the disturbance between the brave men. As for politics it has nothing to do with our order, and we would be pleased to hear from some outside comrade on next Encampment.

A COMRADE.

Now that the great majority of the world is at home once more from its summer outing, it is just as well to say a word or two that may help to make some father's life more pleasant to the children. There are far too many men abroad which he provides for wife and who are regarded almost as strangers in their homes and who themselves feel that they are unwelcome, or, at least, that their presence is a restraining rather than an enlivening influence. This sentiment either drives him out to a club or causes him to seek the seclusion of one of the unused rooms in the house where his family never intrudes. Little by little he loses ground until he finds that his only use is to sign checks unhesitatingly. Now this is all wrong. A father's heart yearns for affection just as strongly as the mother's. He would appreciate being made a companion confidant. He would enjoy being permitted to enter into the youthful fun and gayety that ceases as soon as he appears. In fact, he wants to be regarded as a friend, not as an ogre.

Boys and girls, young men and maidens, be more to your father! Let him make much of him, until he feels that in no place is he so welcome or so much a king as within the portals of his own home. Because he is a man and a money-maker does not argue that he enjoys relegated completely to the environment of the business world. He is quite as susceptible to flattery and feels a sense of loneliness when he sees all the brightness, all the wealth of affection, lavished on others. Children, become acquainted with your father. Make him pleasant for him, and you will find him a congenial comrade, a hearty sympathetic and a tender parent all rolled into one.—Ex

DON'T commit suicide on account of your "incurable" blood disease. The sensible thing for you to do is to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. If that fails, why, then—keep on trying, and it will not fail. The trouble is, people get discouraged too soon.

"Try, try, try again."

MR. SAM E. TAYLOR and Miss Ragland were married at the home of the bride's father, Mr. J. W. Ragland, Rosine, Wednesday evening at 4 o'clock, Rev. W. G. Stewart pronouncing the ceremony. They are worthy and very popular young people and THE REPUBLICAN extends congratulations.

MR. W. J. HENDRICK—Attorney General W. J. Hendrick spoke in the City Hall at this place Monday. Mr. Hendrick's coming was not known until about ten o'clock Monday and his audience was fairly good under the circumstances. But of all the lame efforts we have ever heard, that of Mr.

Hendrick was surely the lamest. He simply gave the people a rehash of Senator Blackburn's speech here on the 9th.

He got off the usual gag about the East being enriched at the expense of the South.

Claims a place above the rest.

2. WHICH IS THE BEST EXAMPLE OF YOUR GROCER AN' DAY?

3. IF IT IS NOT SO, WHAT IS IT?

4. HOW CAN YOU PAY FOR THIS?

5. HOW CAN YOU PAY FOR THIS?

6. HOW CAN YOU PAY FOR THIS?

7. HOW CAN YOU PAY FOR THIS?

## A Light Wrap.

Something that will just keep the chill off, when you are riding or walking. You don't feel like putting on heavy winter garments, but you do need a light wrap.

## An UMBRELLA

You might as well think of going without a hat as to wear one and have it spotted and spoiled by the fall rains. You need an umbrella, something neat and yet inexpensive.

## A Rain-Coat.

Well, a rain-coat is what everyone needs, and we don't have to argue that point.

## FAIR BROS. & CO.

Have all the necessities to comfort and a host of other things.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1894.

Mr. R. B. Martin, Cromwell, was in town yesterday.

On the Second Sunday in November, Rev. W. J. Finley will preach the funeral of Mrs. James H. Jones at Mt. Pleasant.

Mrs. Jo. B. Rogers, who has been confined to her room for the past four weeks with typhoid fever, is slowly improving.

Mrs. Charles Lanum and Miss Nettie Crowe were married at the courthouse Monday, Dr. J. S. Coleman performing the ceremony.

Mr. Fleming May and Mrs. Fannie Eidson, two worthy colored people, were married at the Clerk's Office, Wednesday night.

Uncle Rube Peyton, a highly respected colored man of Hayti, died last Friday, and was buried Saturday in the Hayti Cemetery. He was 82 years of age.

Mrs. Had Keown, Select, died Wednesday night and was buried at Green River Church yesterday evening. A large circle of friends and relatives mourn her loss.

Judge B. L. D. Guffy, candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals, will speak at Baizetown next Wednesday, the 24th, at 1 o'clock, and at Warren's Schoolhouse at night.

To-morrow and Sunday Revs. Kerr and Perryman, of the M. E. Church, will hold the first Quartet meeting on the No Creek at Shinkle Chapel. A full attendance of the members is expected.

The first Quarterly meeting on the Pleasant Ridge Circuit will be held with the Mt. Hermon congregation on Thursday and Friday, the 8th and 9th of next month, at which time the Pastor, Rev. Williams contemplates beginning a protracted meeting. The hearty co-operation of all Christian people, and especially the members of Mt. Hermon Church is desired.

Wednesday while at work digging a well at Rosine, a Mr. Johnson was struck by the "damp," and fell unconscious on the bottom. Mr. H. P. Watts hastily tied a rope around his own body and lowered himself to the side of the prostrate man and tying a rope around the latter called to the men above to draw him out. As the body of Johnson was about half way to the top of the well it slipped through the rope, falling heavily to the bottom. Mr. Johnson's head was seriously cut in the fall. Before Mr. Watts could again replace the well around Johnson's body he fell over and was drawn out. Every body was now afraid to go into the well to rescue Johnson and a pair of grab hooks were used in raising him. Both men were doing well yesterday, but have not yet recovered from the evil effects of the stroke.

We are in the lead. CARSON & CO.

Chimesettes at Fair Bros. & Co's.

Another lot of hats and caps at Carson & Co's.

Newest, neatest and cheapest cloaks at Fair Bros. & Co's.

We have always got what you want. CARSON & CO.

Fur Capes are the thing. Fair Bros. & Co. have them.

Don't fail to see our boots and shoes. CARSON & CO.

Sweet Marie Caps—latest out—25 cents at Fair Bros. & Co's.

Visit Miss Sara Collins for millinery goods. CARSON & CO.

Mr. T. O. Baker is the grocerymen with Carson & Co.

We sell goods cheaper than the cheapest. CARSON & CO.

New line novelties in all-wool dress goods at Fair Bros. & Co's.

We have the biggest stock in town to select from. CARSON & CO.

Broadcloth, all shades for making capes, at Fair Bros. & Co's.

We have just received a large shipment of cloaks. CARSON & CO.

New Millinery, all latest shapes, received this week at Fair Bros. & Co's.

What do you think? \$1.25 buys a pair of men's good boots at Fair Bros. & Co's.

Ladies when you come to town visit our cloak department. CARSON & CO.

Any farmer can save money by buying his boots and shoes at Fair Bros. & Co's.

Dr. E. W. Ford and wife have arrived in Hartford and have taken rooms at Mrs. Hubbard's. Dr. Ford has fitted up an office over Williams & Bell's drug store.

Quarterly Court convened Monday and has been in session until yesterday. Attorney Jas. A. Smith was elected Special Judge and presided during the term. He filled the position with credit to himself and satisfaction to the litigants.

Mrs. Barbour, of Louisville, who has been spending the summer, here has improved so much in health, she will prolong her stay indefinitely, and her two charming daughters, Misses Margaret and Carolyn, will soon return, to the delight of many friends.

Cassius Alexander, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Spalding, who has been extremely ill at the home of his Grandfather, Dr. Wayland Alexander is convalescent, Mrs. Spalding hopes to be soon, able to return to her home in Louisville. Mr. W. L. Spalding came down Saturday, and returned Sunday.

Call on Pace for a good easy shave. Several of our people attended the Greenville Fair last week.

Indigo blue, oil red, silver gray and all kinds of prints, 5 cents, at Fair Bros. & Co's.

Mrs. Matilda Kimbley, of near Beaver Dam, died last Saturday and was buried Sunday in the Beaver Cemetery. She was a highly respected lady and will be greatly missed in her community. Dr. J. S. Coleman conducted the funeral services.

Eld. S. F. Fowler, of the Christian Church, is doing some excellent preaching at the Methodist Church. He is greeted every night with a crowded house, and his sermons are clear, logical and entertaining. Bro. Fowler is a great preacher, laboring for a great cause.

Dr. J. R. Pirtle left Monday for Nashville, where he will attend Vanderbilt University for the next five months. Dr. Pirtle is a young man of much ability and as a Dentist has met with great success. He will graduate the first of March, 1895, and will return to Hartford to resume the practice of his profession. His many friends here will gladly welcome him back again, and all join in wishing him a pleasant time at school.

**New Suits for Circuit Court.**

The suits recently filled in Circuit Court are as follows:

T. H. Balmain sues Robert Plummer for \$125 damages for a horse killed by eating wheat.

John A. Reitz & Son sue E. C. Crowe et. al. for \$15 in notes.

Same vs. W. F. & E. D. Tatum for \$203, and enforcement of mortgage lien.

Same vs. E. C. Crowe and wife for \$100 and for enforcement of lien.

Jesse D. Crowe et. al., Executors, sue M. E. Crowe for division of land.

Robert Reddish sues James Gray for \$63.21.

F. W. Pirtle sues W. A. Gray on a note for \$100.

John H. Miller suit and injunction against Hiram R. Kirk, Treasurer District No. 37, to restrain him from collecting tax.

Maddox & Leach sue John Echoles et. al., Receivers, for killing a horse.

J. T. Tucker et. al. sue Sam J. Baker for \$300 damages arising on injunction and breach of contract.

Frank Campfield sues W. P. Graves et. al. on note for \$206.65.

M. S. Ragland sues Ansel Wilson on a note for \$368.21.

B. D. Ringo sues J. M. Casebier et. al. on a note for \$500.

Nancy Jones vs. J. S. Dexter, Administrator of Benjamin Dexter for \$164 on account.

**Report of the Ohio County Teachers' Association.**

Ohio County Teachers' Association met in College Hall, Saturday Oct. 13, 1894. Our Superintendent being absent, Prof. O. M. Shultz very ably presided over the meeting.

The first business attended to was the election of a Secretary, then the program was rendered.

The first to respond was Prof. Wm. Foster, who gave a very interesting talk on the "Signs of the times." He gave some good points for teachers, among which was the necessity of a thorough preparation for the work, and said that education is now within the reach of all and those who did not grasp the opportunities that we have for preparing for life will have to take a seat in the back ground.

Next on duty were Messrs. Stum, Tinsley and O. M. Shultz, with the subject of Theory and Practice. Mr. Shultz being the only one present he didn't feel like handling such an important subject without assistance, but none being given, he proceeded with the subject and told us that what a teacher needs is a practical theory and that the mere theorizer may "git" along for a while, but will finally be crowded out by better teachers. Mr. Stogner then volunteered to talk on the same subject, but if he touched the subject at all we failed to note it. He merely compared the country teacher to the teacher in the high school.

**Chinese Antipathy to the Telegraph.**

The two American bicyclists, Allen and Sachtleben, tell in the Chinese in the heart of the flowered kingdom who electrified them by addressing them in the purest English. "He was one of that party of mandarins' sons which had been sent over to our country some years ago, as an experiment by the Chinese government, to receive a thorough American training.

We cannot here give the history of that experiment, as Mr. Woo related it—how they were subsequently accused of cutting off their queues and becoming denationalized,

how, in consequence, they were degraded rather than elevated, both

by the people and the government,

because they were foreign in their sentiments and habits; and how, at last, they gradually began to force recognition through the power of merit alone. He had now been sent out by the government to engineer the extension of the telegraph line from Su-chou to Urumchi, for it was feared by the government that the employment of a foreigner in this capacity would only increase the power for evil which the natives attributed to this foreign intrusion.

The similarity in the phrases telegraph pole and dry heaven had inspired the common belief that the line of poles then stretching across the country was responsible for the long-existing drought. In one night several miles of poles were sawed short off, by the secret order of a banded conspiracy.

After several decapitations, the poles were now being restored, and labelled with the words: "Put up by

order of the emperor."

**Obituary.**

Tuesday night, October 9th, 1894,

as the hours passed swiftly by, the weary watchers around the bedside of a dear, loved one, at Leitchfield, Ky., Mrs. Fannie Davis, wife of Samuel Davis, daughter of E. F. and S. E. Hocker, aged 26 years, 4 months and 22 days, breathed her last. She was a member of the Christian church, and lived a Christian life. Her death had been looked for almost hourly for many months before the time came. She had been a sufferer of a long disease, consumption, for a long

time; and when the end came it was relief to her father and mother, sisters and brothers and friends to think she had no more suffering to bear. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. B. A. Cundiff, of the M. E. Church, South, at 3 p. m. on Wednesday, and all that was mortal of Mrs. Fannie Davis, was followed to the Barton cemetery, where it was gently laid to rest to await the judgment day. She leaves three little boys to mourn her loss.

"We miss thy kind and willing hand,

The fond and earnest care;

Our ho me is dark without thee;

We miss thee everywhere."

**HART COUNTY.**

## A Grand Ovation is Tendered Mr. Lewis.

MUMFORDSVILLE, KY., Oct. 13, '94.

Hon. John W. Lewis opened his campaign in Hart county at this place on the 1st. He was received with a demonstration the most significant of all Republican gatherings in Hart county since the days of her birth. The gathering early in the day of thousands of citizens on the streets presented the appearance of the population of a metropolis. The Court House, where the speaking was held, was long before the hour appointed, filled to overflowing with people, anxious to hear the truthful enunciations of the sound doctrines, which the able orator and statesman, so effectually presented. It was a demonstration calculated to inspire the orator, for in addition to the handsome and elaborate decorations, by the ladies of the town and vicinity, there were people to the right of him, people to the left of him, people in front of him, who for two long hours were held spell-bound by the eloquent dippings of the truth, which so nearly concern the prosperity and happiness of every true American citizen, and who at intervals, from her outbursts of enthusiasm clearly indicated that his majority in Hart county is a certainty. At the close of his masterly effort the speaker was showered with bouquets and greetings innumerable, many former Democrats volunteering greetings of success and promises of support.

HON. H. B. Kingsolving, of Mt. Sterling; W. G. Morrow, of Palucash, and L. Robertson, of Ashland, were among the visitors on the square yesterday.—[Frankfort Capital.]

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## Hartford Republican

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1894.

### THE PSYCHIC MOMENT.

MRS. CARRUTHERS-SMITH, 50 (well-preserved). MR. BASIL EVERSLY, 30.

*Scene: Mrs. Carruthers-Smith's Boudoir. Mrs. Carruthers-Smith in a "Incident Morning Gown" Reading a Letter.*

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith (reads)—"Dear Mother"—It is very absurd of Beatrice to insist on addressing me in that way. It does not so much matter in a letter, but I have so often told her I wished her to call me dearest. We young mothers with elderly daughters owe so much to Mrs. Hodgson-Burnett for inventing that name for us. (Reads), "Dear Mother—A friend of mine will call on you to-morrow—a Mr. Basil Eversley. He has something to ask you!" Dear, dear, how deliciously old-fashioned the child is! Fancy sending her lover to me in this formal way. (Reads), "I have told him to call upon you about twelve. Please be nice to him and say 'yes.' Yours, affectionately, Beatrice."

Well, so she's going to be married. How delightful! A grown-up daughter who has not a husband is so very trying. What a splendid excuse it will be for running over to Paris for the trousseau. Basil Eversley! I seem to know that name; but, of course, Beatrice's set is quite different from mine, and, naturally, her Aunt Evelyn would have the right people to meet her. I wonder if I shall like him?—not that it matters. At any rate, I shall soon see he'll be here at twelve, she says. (A ring). There he is. (Takes a hasty survey of herself in a hand-glass—settles herself in an attitude as)

Maid (announces) — Mr. Basil Eversley.

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith (rising graciously)—How very punctual you are!

Basil Eversley (bowing)—It is so good of you to receive me!

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith (sitting)—Not at all—please sit down.

Basil Eversley (sitting)—I believe that Miss Carruthers-Smith has—

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith—Oh! yes. Beatrice has written to me.

Basil Eversley (tentatively)—Then—

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith (gushing)—Oh, yes, Beatrice and I have no secrets! We are more like two sisters than like mother and daughter. I was married so young, you see.

Basil Eversley (politely)—Yes.

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith—Oh, I was a mere girl; in fact, I had scarcely passed the limits of childhood.

Basil Eversley (without sarcasm)—Really!

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith—Yes, I was—but you did not come here this morning to discuss me, did you? You want to talk about Beatrice?

Basil Eversley—I met Miss Carruthers-Smith at Lady Branston's, who had been good enough to ask me to stay with her.

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith (cordially)—That speaks volumes; my sister-in-law is so particular about her guests.

Basil Eversley (bows)—Lady Branston has always been most kind to me; she has taken great interest in me, and I shall owe everything to her.

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith (smiling)—Oh, I don't know! there is a great deal in fate, and I have no doubt you would have met Beatrice elsewhere.

Basil Eversley—Perhaps—but possibly under circumstances which would have made it impossible for me to speak to her so freely. I should never have dared—

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith—Ah! that's a mistake—a man should always dare.

Basil Eversley—You are very kind! I had scarcely hoped that you would—

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith—That I should take things so easily? Did you expect me to be the conventional, stern parent? That is so terribly vieux-jeu nowadays. Besides, Beatrice would probably do exactly as she chose without me, and what is the use of impairing one's digestion and damaging one's complexion for a foregone conclusion?

Basil Eversley—Then I may understand that you have no objections, Mrs. Carruthers-Smith?

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith—None whatever. Only, of course, I should like to hear a few details.

Basil Eversley—Naturally! To begin with, it is to be on the twenty-fourth of next month.

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith (laughing)—What! Have you settled the day?

Basil Eversley—Certainly; subject, of course, to an unforeseen postponement.

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith—How perfectly delicious you are! You arrange everything, and then dutifully come and ask my consent! But the twenty-fourth of next month—barely six weeks from now? My dear Mr. Eversley, it is absolutely impossible.

Basil Eversley (anxiously)—Impossible!

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith—Perfectly. Her clothes could never be ready in time.

Basil Eversley—Oh, I assure you—the simplest things will do.

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith—Of course. But even simplicity takes time to carry out its inspirations.

Basil Eversley (appealingly)—Oh! but don't you think something might be managed?

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith (indulgently)—Well—well! But it will be a terrible rush; only Beatrice is tremendously strong, she can stand that sort of thing. She is not so highly strung as I am.

Basil Eversley (with satisfaction)—I am glad to hear you say so. I was afraid, at times, she was a little delicate, and the nervous strain will be very great. There will be royalty present, you see—

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith (much impressed)—Royalty?

Basil Eversley (simply)—Yes; we shall not exactly have a pit of kings, but we shall have the next best thing—princes galore.

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith (a little

awed)—Really!

Basil Eversley (simply)—The royal family has always been very good to me.

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith—How charming! And so Beatrice—

Basil Eversley—Miss Carruthers-Smith cannot fail to delight them.

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith—Yes; now tell me—one must go into these little details, you know—who are your solicitors?

Basil Eversley (startled)—My solicitors? Colcraft and Hudson, of Lincoln's Inn; but—

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith—Mine are Finnigan of Ludgate Hill; they can arrange matters between them.

Basil Eversley (amazed)—Really?

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith—A mere matter of form, my dear Basil. Of course, I know that if you are in Lady Branston's set it is all right, for Beatrice's trustees, you see.

Basil Eversley (bewildered)—No doubt—only—

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith (suavely)—And now—where do you mean to live?

Basil Eversley (more bewildered)—Where do I mean to live?

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith—Yes.

Basil Eversley (smiling)—Excuse me, but I scarcely see how that bears on the question.

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith—Not see? But as Beatrice's mother—

Basil Eversley (most bewildered)—What can it matter to Miss Carruthers-Smith?

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith—Theoretically, nothing—practically everything!

Basil Eversley—But Miss Carruthers-Smith is not my wife.

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith—Not yet, but she will be.

Basil Eversley (starting to his feet)—Will be? But I am married!

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith (starting up)—Married? Then what do you mean by coming here, sir? What do you want with my daughter?

Basil Eversley—I want her to sing the title-role of my new opera.

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith—What?

You are a professional musician?

Basil Eversley—Of course.

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith—Then how dare you make yourself so ridiculous, sir? (Rings.)

Basil Eversley (smiling)—Excuse me, madam, but the ridicule appears to me to—

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith—Not another word, sir! (To the maid) Show this gentleman out!—London Black and White.

Cooking by Electricity.

Cooking by electricity is still finding favor among an increased number of people, and has no drawback except that it is comparatively expensive. This has been all along the chief drawback to the electric light, and for the length of time it has been known its use has gone little beyond that in public places. Cooking by electricity has hardly reached that point of being in common use in public places, but it bids fair to do so in the near future. The heat in the range in which coal is used is not so intense as the appliance through which the electric current passes, and the latter is also more readily controlled. Then there is no raking of ashes, no soiling of the hands with coal-dust, and no hot stove lids to lift and burn the fingers. Then the intensity of the heat is regulated for the different viands at pleasure. The popularity of cooking in this manner will after awhile appeal to those who live in small flats, where in the summertime the kitchen and the dining-room may be with comfort one and the same room.—Hardware.

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith (smiling)—Oh, I was—but you did not come here this morning to discuss me, did you? You want to talk about Beatrice?

Basil Eversley (bowing)—It is so good of you to receive me!

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Mrs. Carruthers-Smith—Ah! that's a mistake—a man should always dare.

Basil Eversley—You are very kind! I had scarcely hoped that you would—

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith—That I should take things so easily? Did you expect me to be the conventional, stern parent? That is so terribly vieux-jeu nowadays. Besides, Beatrice would probably do exactly as she chose without me, and what is the use of impairing one's digestion and damaging one's complexion for a foregone conclusion?

Basil Eversley—Then I may understand that you have no objections, Mrs. Carruthers-Smith?

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith—None whatever. Only, of course, I should like to hear a few details.

Basil Eversley—Naturally! To begin with, it is to be on the twenty-fourth of next month.

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith (laughing)—What! Have you settled the day?

Basil Eversley—Certainly; subject, of course, to an unforeseen postponement.

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith—How perfectly delicious you are! You arrange everything, and then dutifully come and ask my consent! But the twenty-fourth of next month—barely six weeks from now? My dear Mr. Eversley, it is absolutely impossible.

Basil Eversley (anxiously)—Impossible!

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith—Perfectly. Her clothes could never be ready in time.

Basil Eversley—Oh, I assure you—the simplest things will do.

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith—Of course. But even simplicity takes time to carry out its inspirations.

Basil Eversley (appealingly)—Oh! but don't you think something might be managed?

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith (indulgently)—Well—well! But it will be a terrible rush; only Beatrice is tremendously strong, she can stand that sort of thing. She is not so highly strung as I am.

Basil Eversley (with satisfaction)—I am glad to hear you say so. I was afraid, at times, she was a little delicate, and the nervous strain will be very great. There will be royalty present, you see—

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith (much impressed)—Royalty?

Basil Eversley (simply)—Yes; we shall not exactly have a pit of kings, but we shall have the next best thing—princes galore.

Mrs. Carruthers-Smith (a little

### TURNING ODD PENNIES.

Bright Boys Who Make Money in Many Curious Fashions.

Selling Souvenirs from Famous Battle Fields One of the Most Popular Ways — A Boy Who Ties Shoe Strings for a Living.

"Have you the bullet that killed General Reynolds?" asked an old veteran of a youngster who kept a relic stand on the battlefield of Gettysburg.

"No, sir," was the reply, "but we can tell you the bullet that killed General Reynolds."

Many a boy living near one of the great battlefields obtains a living by hunting relics. Having sharp eyes, he is generally fortunate enough to pick up some remains of the "great fight," which he either sells to a dealer or directly to visitors.

One boy, not long ago, at Gettysburg, found a wrist bone, with a bayonet plunged through it, which he sold for twenty-five dollars. Another, on the field of Waterloo, found two bullets imbedded in each other, the one French, the other English. They had evidently met in midair and were valued very highly.

Travelers who have spent any time among the natives of Australia vow that the boys of that country earn money in the most curious way ever heard of. In some parts of the country fishing is quite an industry. Among other things caught are sharks.

But instead of catching them in nets as we do, boys are employed, and this is the method: A boy wades out where the crabs are thick. Thrusting his foot out, he gives a grieve to his big toe, which, wagging about in an enticing manner, he uses as bait.

In a short time he gets a bite, and quickly drawing up his leg he breaks off the crab's feelers and throws them into a basket which is slung over his shoulder.

Every now and then a deep sea visitor strays into the crab settlement, and, seeing the tempting bait, lays hold of it. Then there issues from the owner of that bait an unearthly yell, and all the boys come running out to stare, entirely regardless of the crabs hanging to the several parts of their anatomy, and leaving the boy with a "bite" to battle with the unwelcome catch as best he can.

Chinese urchins, in some parts of the empire, pick up odd coins in a still more curious and yet somewhat similar manner. On rainy days, when a lady chances to come to a muddy place and does not wish to soil her shoes, she beckons to an urchin who will, if he is in the business, drop down in front of her, maling a temporary stone on which the lady reaches dry land again.

The remuneration received for this is so small that it would hardly tempt a New York "dock rat."

"Everyone of us," said a woman who had spent some time at Atlantic City, "knows what an uncomfortable feeling it is to have a shoe lace come untied. Equally well does she know what an exertion it is to stoop and tie it."

"One day while strolling on the board walk and jostled by the crowd, I suddenly felt my shoestring come untied. Looking around for a convenient place to sit down, I noticed a bright youngster and beckoned for him to come to me and tie it.